



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2012 with funding from
LYRASIS Members and Sloan Foundation

INTER NOS

Vol. VIII.

September 1956

No. 3

CONTENTS

Editorial	SISTER M. DOLOROSA
Letter from Japan	REV. MOTHER EUCHARISTA
Who is My Neighbor?	BRUNA BERNASCONI
Winner of the \$100 prize, offered by the Cabrini Literary Guild.	
They Said I Could	NANCY CHOLEWA
A Study of Keats	MARY LOU CREDE
Spring	ROSEMARY LUCENTE
Cancer Research	SISTER GERTRUDE JOSEPH
Fostered by Beauty and by Fear	FLORENCE OKIHARA
Cavorting Cab	LORETTA CASEY
The Anglo-Saxon Period in English Literature	SISTER MARY KENNETH
New Altar Boy	MARY CAROL JACOBS
The Strange World of Amy McFarland	MARY ANN TWERSKY
Mary's Hour and The Angry Sea	PAMELA BRINK
The Day the Soldiers Came	PAMELA BRINK
Trees	DANUTA KROTOSKA
The Word	MARY ALICE SALTER
Dramatic Monologue	ROSEMARY LUCENTE

J. M. J.

Editorial

The first appearance of **Inter Nos** in the Fall Semester provides the opportunity for welcoming the return of our "old girls" and for extending cordial greetings to those enrolling for the first time. We hope the scholastic year will be a happy and profitable one for all, and may the spirit of loyalty, built up through the years pervade our present faculty and student body.

The chosen virtue of ancient Rome was "pietas", interpreted as "love of the gods, of family and of father land. Our belief in the one true God can motivate a motto for America—love of God of family and our Country, joined to devotion to Mary and Joseph.

Congratulations are extended to the English Department, for the remarkable showing made by its students in prizes and honors gained in the writing field. Appended is a list of Mount students so honored.

Sister M. Dolorosa

Atlantic Monthly National Creative Writing Contest

Carron Vincent two honorable mentions in Essay Contest
Pamela Brink one honorable mention in Story Contest

Cabrini Literary Guild Contest

Bruna Bernasconi second prize \$100.00 in Prose Contest

Susan Crowe third prize \$50.00 in Prose Contest
 Danuta Krotoska second prize \$100.00 in Poetry Contest
 Connie Serbent third prize \$50.00 in Poetry Contest
 Sheila Crampton honorable mention in Prose Contest
 Mary Catherine O'Connor honorable mention in Prose Contest
 Yvonne Zornes honorable mention in Prose Contest
 Wendy Freedman honorable mention in Poetry Contest
 Dianne Smith honorable mention in Poetry Contest
 Mary Bambrick honorable mention in Poetry Contest

Southern California Women's Press Association
Short Story Contest

Kathleen Burke second prize \$25.00 in Short Story Contest
 Appeared in June Inter Nos

American Institute of Chemists, Western Chapter
 Beverly Ann Guenio Senior Student Award Winner

Excerpts from a Letter

received from our Mother General, Rev. Mother Eucharista,
 describing a visit to Japan to study the field, before deciding
 to make a foundation there.

We took the train from St. Louis to Los Angeles, which took two days and a night (which was about the same length of time that it took to go from Los Angeles to Tokyo—twelve hours to Honolulu and twenty-two hours to Tokyo from Honolulu). We stayed in Los Angeles until February 14 and then went to visit our houses in Hawaii until March 7. Three of our schools are on the Island of Oahu and two of them on the Island of Maui, about one hundred fifty miles from Honolulu. Mountains, ocean, rain, flowers, sugar cane, and pineapples were daily sights. It was very rainy—showers then sunshine, then sun showers. It was a little hard on our habits and veils, but we usually took umbrellas, even for a ten-minute walk, to be sure not to get soaking wet.

We have thirty-nine Sisters in the Hawaiian Islands. They all like their work very much. The children of Buddhist, Mormon, and Christian parents of all types meet there in the classrooms. There are many conversions among the children, and there would be many more if the parents would only consent to the children's receiving baptism.

We left March 5 for Tokyo. When we crossed the international date line, March 6 dropped out, so we had Wednesday morning breakfast on Wake Island, where we stopped for an hour. There is a tiny chapel at the airport, built during the Marian Year. I suppose a priest on board could say his Mass there, but we did not have any priest on our plane.

We arrived in Tokyo about noon on Wednesday. The Maryknoll Fathers met us at the airport and took us to the convent of the Helpers of the Holy Souls. They have a home for working girls and teach catechism to anyone desiring instruction. There were about ten French Canadian Sisters living there and studying the Japanese

language at a nearby language school, run by the Franciscan Fathers. The weather was damp and cold, but seemed colder because the houses are not heated as we heat them at home. They use hot water bottles and very heavy quilts on top of blankets to keep warm at night.

The next day (Thursday) we took the train to Kyoto, accompanied by Father Pheur, Maryknoll Vicar General of the Kyoto diocese. It took about seven hours to make the trip, but it was a very interesting one. We saw rice fields with the rice shocked up on the side and barley growing in between the paddies on the high ground. Vegetables too are planted as a winter crop. In the background we saw either the mountains or ocean most of the time. The mountains are wooded, but if there is a little table of land, it is utilized by the people to grow tea or vegetables. The houses were all cluttered together in villages, without having any land for roads or lawn. When we got to Kyoto, we stayed with the Sisters of St. Joseph from Wichita, Kansas. They plan to start a hospital as soon as they can get sufficient funds. They have six Sisters there now, learning the language and running a dispensary.

The day after we got to Kyoto, we went to Tsu, where the Maryknoll Fathers have requested us to build a school. Probably we shall do so if they can find us a suitable piece of property. Property is very difficult to obtain in Japan. It is sold in 6' x 6' areas, and some of it is not available because it has been owned for generations by one family group. We also visited two other places where Maryknoll Sisters are teaching catechism and helping to convert the pagans.

We met Father Steinbach, a native of Iowa, who is a very interesting and fine missionary. He has a church at Matsusaka. He owns a truck, which he uses for many purposes. We went out in it sitting on a wooden bench in the back to see some property which he thought could be obtained for a school. The day before he had used his truck as an ambulance to take a Buddhist monk to the hospital. It is frequently used as a hearse too. He helps everybody in any possible way he can and is much respected and loved by the people. He has quite a number of people under instruction. Converts must practice their faith for at least eight months before they receive baptism. The priests speak highly of their Japanese converts. They are difficult to convert, but are usually staunch in the faith once they accept it. The Maryknoll Sisters and priests are working very hard with few of the comforts of the United States. But they are devoted to their work and are anxious to stay in Japan.

We returned to Kyoto Monday and looked for a place where the Sisters could live while learning the language, and where we can eventually train Japanese postulants and novices. We visited schools run by the School Sisters of Notre Dame, the Sisters of Charity of Nevers, and the Viatorian Fathers. All of them have large numbers in school, the great majority, probably 1000 out of 1100, being pagans.

Some of the customs we adopted while there: 1) bowing three times instead of shaking hands; 2) taking off shoes and putting on slippers which are left on the doorstep to be used, or else putting shoe

covers over the shoes before entering a house; 3) accepting a hot towel on the train to wipe one's face and hands (we liked that); 4) using chopsticks and drinking tea to no end.

Many of the women carry their babies on their backs in the streets. Streets and roads are very bad, except in the main parts of the big cities. Ox carts, men and women harnessed up carrying loads, bicycles dragging trailers, Austins, and an occasional American-made car battle along the streets in great confusion. Western ways, people tell us, are coming in rapidly. Most of the men, except the older ones, wear western clothes. Many of the younger women wear western clothes also, yet kimonos are seen a good deal on the streets and in the stores. East and West are surely getting well mixed. American food, clothes, and furniture can be obtained easily. So much for our Japanese experiences.

We went back to Tokyo on Saturday and returned to Honolulu Sunday. We had two Sundays because we gained a day crossing the date line on our return trip. We left Honolulu at 7:30 p.m. Tuesday, arriving in Los Angeles Wednesday morning at 8:00. We had to stay above Los Angeles for an hour until the fog rose. We arrived home well and happy, thank God, on Saturday.

I must tell you what we think we accomplished on our trip. We looked at a house in Kyoto, in which, if we can buy it at a reasonable price, the Sisters can live while they go to language school, beginning next September. We also looked at a possible site for a school at Tsu. This is the city which the Maryknoll Fathers select as first choice for the best place to go, to do good for the Church. The Vicar General, Father Pheur, will investigate and negotiate for both the Kyoto property and that at Tsu. When he gets what he considers fair terms, he will get in touch with us again.

The school would start with junior high school, seventh, eighth and ninth grades, then continue with these pupils through senior high school. After that time, if all goes well, an elementary school could be built. Most of the first teachers would have to be qualified Japanese teachers, except for classes in English and religion. Our Sisters will direct the school, teach English, and eventually, we hope, start a novitiate for Japanese postulants.

There is much more which we shall have to tell when we see you. For now a joyous Easter season to you and best of good wishes. Will you please join us in earnest prayer for the conversion of the good people of Japan.

All the time we were in Japan we were confident that God would guide us on account of the prayers of the whole Congregation. If all goes well by your efforts and ours, we should be ready to open a junior high school by 1958 and a senior high school three years later.

We must apply to the Bishop of the Maryknollers for permission to work in the area—they in turn obtain permissions from Rome and from the Bishop of Japan.

Very sincerely and gratefully yours in the Sacred Heart,
SISTER EUCHARISTA

Who Is Thy Neighbor?

By Bruna Bernascone

Awarded a \$100 prize in the Cabrini Literary Guild Contest

The news spread swiftly from corner to corner on the wings of gossip. The sleepy village awakes. A wind of urgency and expectancy overtakes a street sweeper at his work, the groups of women filling their jugs at the public fountains, a band of children sauntering home from school. Almost visibly the grayish haze of boredom vanishes from every face—The Gypsies are coming to Allauca!

Presently, a huge red-yellow-blue trailer hauled by a dilapidated station wagon came rumbling over the cobblestones into the plaza and stopped before the town hall. Children flocked excitedly to the strange vehicle, shopkeepers stared from the doors of their shops, and from a nearby window a woman called shrilly, "Don't you children get too close to those people!"

A sign nailed to the door of the station wagon proclaimed in bold lettering the identity of its owner: "*HAMMER OF GYPSYDOM*"—*Coppersmith*. A man stepped out of the car and stood looking for a moment, as if studying the locale. . . . Allauca was much like many other villages he had seen across the Andean valleys: a small square with flagstone paths, geranium borders and tall, shaggy eucalyptus swaying to the rhythm of the four fountains; and the familiar landmarks of an adobe church squatting in the sun, the town hall with carved balcony for Independence Day speeches, the inn, the shops, and the cafes. Nor was the visitor surprised at the flurry that greeted his arrival, or at the mistrustful stares of the villagers. He knew that these people would welcome a little novelty and color in their humdrum lives; but he also knew that in their hearts they harbored a deep-rooted hostility toward all that was foreign, all that they could not understand. And the Gypsies were a recurring question mark to every one. Where did they come from? What was the goal of their ceaseless wanderings? Why could they not be like decent folk and settle down, build houses, raise crops, send their children to school. Why those ridiculous nicknames they used as if they had something to hide? All these thoughts the "Hammer of Gypsydom" could read on the people's faces, but he remained undisturbed. "The world my kingdom," was the motto of his race, and he need not apologize for it. There was nothing apologetic in his bearing. In marked contrast with the men of Allauca, he was tall and slight of build, with strongly angular features. A green silk scarf knotted around the throat lent a touch of refinement to his coarse and well-seasoned suit. His movements were quick and firm as he walked into the town hall of Allauca.

He returned to the car after a few minutes and said to the woman and the children who were sitting inside, "I have rented an estate fit for kings!" He sat at the wheel and drove away toward the vacant circus grounds at the edge of town.

II

The slow-fading sun departed leaving only a faint trail of light on the church steeple and across the treetops. At the sound of the Angelus, Don Roue Peralta, the shoemaker, pulled his stool and work table from the doorway, closed his shop, and went to join his family in the upper rooms. Dinner must be almost ready; he could smell the onion and the rosemary, and the sweet scent of baked peaches as he climbed the stairs and opened the door.

"Look, Papa. Baby paints!" At a little table in a corner, his young son Pedrin was doing finger paintings in a dish of purple corn pudding. Why spoil such innocent pleasure? There will be time for the chubby little fingers to grow hard and callous at the touch of the twine and the wax, the skiver and the hammer.

Inesita only smiled at her father from the stove, and kept on talking, talking in earnest. Probably trying to educate her mother, as usual, he thought indulgently. Roque Peralta was proud of this daughter, so thoughtful and fond of learning at the early age of eleven.

"What is it then, tonight, Inesita?" he asked.

"The Gypsies! We went to see the Gypsies! The two Gypsy boys played the guitar for us and the girl sang and danced. O, those songs were so beautiful they made you hurt inside? And the Gypsy woman sat inside a little tent and each of us went in to have our fortune told. She crossed my hand like this, with a silver coin . . ."

"Enough! I don't want to hear any more," her mother snapped while placing a bowl of stew on the table. A bit of gravy splashed over the rose-patterned oil cloth. "They are evil, those people, don't you know? They are liars and thieves. Ay, blessed St. Joseph, this daughter of mine! They might have kidnapped you!"

"But Mother, everyone goes there. It is fun."

"I am telling you, people say the Gypsies kidnap children to sell as servants, or to hold for ransom. Mind you keep away, I said. Bring that bowl of rice to the table."

Inesita obeyed, then sat at the table moodily. Could they really be so bad, she wondered. How did Mother know? People in this place were always gossiping about strangers. They said ugly things about the "gringos" too: one mustn't talk to that foreign girl, not even in school, for she might be a witch; they say those gringos can do some strange things, you know. . . . Inesita smiled at the thought—Trudy, her best friend, a witch! A good thing Mother had changed her mind about Trudy after a while. Of course, they didn't like Mr. Ishito, the grocer, either. He was dirty, unfriendly, and a heathen who never went to church, they said. Well, no one ever asked him to, not even when Cousin Isabel was married to the sheriff and everybody else was invited. It occurred to Inesita that in fact no one ever asked Mr. Ishito for anything except flour or potatoes over the counter. And now the Gypsies. Hadn't they been in town three weeks without doing harm? Gypsies had been coming to Allauca

every year, as far back as any one could remember, and they had never kidnapped a child.

Inesita inspected the worn spots of her fork and spoon. "You should take these things to the Gypsy," she said without looking at her mother. "He polishes them and puts a tin coating on them until they look like new silver; pots and pans too. He can fix anything."

"It might be a good idea, Josefa," Roque said to his wife.

Encouraged, Inesita turned to her father. "You must listen to this, Papa. The Gypsy woman pulled it out of the 'Well of Fortune' for me." The girl took a wrinkled piece of paper from her pocket and read:

*Ay, Undebel! How will it be with you
Gajita of the twinkling eyes?
How will it be?
You will sing and you will sigh,
You will love and you will cry.
Wondrous new worlds you will see
and pine for the old.
Ay, ay, ayyy . . . Undebel!*

III

". . . Two, three, four, skip—across. One, two, three, four, skip—across. One, two, three . . ." At midmorning on a side street of Allauca two girls were playing a game of "chase-across-the-ditch." They paused on seeing their friend approach, and one called out:

"Can't you play with us, Inesita? Where are you going?"

"To my grandmother's farm, and Mother said I must be there by noon. See? I am taking lunch in here," Inesita answered, showing her bundle. She went on her way, with quick steps that stirred up the dust. She noticed that some of the houses had had their plain faces newly whitewashed, and the reflection of the sun forced her to keep her eyes half shut. She noticed that all was very still, and wished that some one would come out of those closed doors to talk to her. After a while there were no more houses, and Inesita found herself on the open road. You turn to the right and keep on walking, she thought to herself, close to the road but not on the road, as Mother said. Mother was particular! The road passed through a stretch of untilled brushland between hills, and Inesita went on, talking and singing to keep herself company. Her shoes crunched the dry grass, and occasionally her dress would be caught in the thorns of a prickly pear cactus.

Suddenly, it seemed to Inesita that she had been walking for hours. Surely it must be past noon. Her legs felt weak, and she was very thirsty. If only the prickly pears were ripe! How much longer would it take her to get to the farm? She knew that after passing that hill she would see the alfalfa fields, and beyond, the red roof of Grandmother's barn. Yet the hill moved farther and farther away as she walked. She could not go on. . . . She could not go on. Her face

was on fire and she felt dizzy. Stepping away from the road edge, Inesita lay down to rest in the scant shade of a lonely eucalypt.

Ay, Undebel! How will it be with you, little maid . . . ?

IV

"Almost time to close shop," Roque Peralta said to himself, rubbing his hands against his leather apron. "Even the leather becomes dry and stiff in this heat." He rose and leaned against the wall to straighten his stiffened back. He moistened his lips with his tongue, while the coolness of the wall passed through his body. Just then his wife walked in, holding tired Pedrin by the hand, and dragging a large shopping bag behind her.

"I'll have dinner in a wink," she assured him. "It was too hot to do anything this afternoon. Inesita upstairs?"

"No, she hasn't returned yet," the man answered, his face clouding with sudden anxiety. "And it will soon be dark."

"Ay, Patron Saints! I had a feeling this morning. . . . What could have happened to her?" Dark premonitions passed before her imagination, as she stood in the middle of the room staring at her husband.

The man moved about nervously, aligned the tools on the worktable, rearranged some pieces of hide in a pile, and said, "I don't like this. Grandma knows it is almost an hour's walk from the farm and she would never keep the girl this late." He turned and looked out as a green truck went rattling past his door.

"Look, Josefa, that is Juan coming home. You just go up and fix some dinner, and I will askd Juan to drive me out to the farm. It will take no time in the truck." Pulling off his apron he hurried after his friend's truck.

Up in her kitchen, Josefa went to work with fierce concentration: she started the fire, sat the child at his table with a bowl of milk and some bread and cheese, tossed some vegetables and meat into a large kettle. Half an hour went by and her anxiety grew unbearable. She put the sleepy child to bed and went downstairs again, in time to meet Juan's wife and other neighbors. Word had gone around, and soon the whole neighborhood was crowding into the shoemaker's shop, asking, guessing, suggesting.

"Did Inesita go all alone? Perhaps she lost her way in the fields."

"No, she could not go astray," answered the mother. "She has gone to the farm many times before. It is a long walk, but she simply follows alongside the road to Santa Marta until the farm is within sight.

"Now if I had a daughter, I wouldn't send her out to the country alone," remarked the innkeeper's wife.

"The children of the poor, Madam, have faith in their Guardian Angels," retorted the sacristan, and his voice carried authority. "And besides, in this place we don't behave like city folk, you know—we look after one another." Allauca had not completely forgiven the innkeeper for marrying a lady from Santa Marta.

"That is true, that is true; but what about those strangers?" suggested another woman.

"The Gypsies . . . ? Kidnapped!"

The word had been spoken at last—the suspicion that was uppermost in Josefa's mind, in every one's mind. More than twenty men and women thronged to the Sheriff's station. Unable to stop or calm the crowd, the sheriff picked up his pistol and followed them to the Gypsy camp. They saw the trailer there, with lights shining through its high round windows; but the station wagon was gone. With a rush and a roar, like a river that has broken through the dam, the crowd fell upon the shelter, beating against the hollow walls, vainly trying to force the entrance. The terrified wails of children's voices responded from inside, and the conscience of the worthy sheriff of Allauca was shaken. Six years he had been at this post, often wondering whether the insignificant quarrels and even the occasional petty crimes of these stolid, unimaginative people really deserved an officer of his caliber. Here was his hour of testing—was he, then, a failure? With a Quixotesque impulse he forced his way to the fore, and throwing his arms high, fired two shots into the air.

"Step back!" he yelled, adding when the tide subsided, "I am the keeper of the law here. I will have no more of this nonsense."

The Gypsy woman appeared at the door.

"I must search your quarters," the sheriff said to her, and stepped in, closing the door behind him. He reappeared in a few minutes, and after him the woman came again to the door of the trailer, with three frightened children holding on to her skirt. She stood there, tense and self-possessed, facing the angry group. The sheriff shifted on his feet, searched his pockets, extracted a pencil and a small notebook, scribbled some notes, finally questioned her:

"Your husband?"

"He went to the city early this morning."

"When do you expect him back?"

"Soon, I hope. He is unusually late." A necklace of gold and silver coins glistened and tinkled over her breast. "Will you explain the meaning of this?" A shattering sadness came over the beautiful dark face as she listened.

"We had better wait for Don Roque," the sheriff said abruptly. The Gypsy mother stood still, pressing the three little heads close against her body, and a wave of compassion softened the bitterness of her heart. Those were fathers and mothers too, seeking their child. The crowd turned and walked back into town.

It was night—night of the highland's summer! A poet's night. A lovers' night. Yet not one among these men and women was comforted by the icy darkness after the day's heat. Not one heart was gladdened by the spill of the waters and the fragrance of the eucalypt blossoms in the plaza. Poetry found no place in anxious and suspicious hearts.

Finding that Roque Peralta and his friend had not returned, the crowd walked on toward the road junction.

Back in her trailer home, the Gypsy woman was putting her children to bed. Each one must be helped to roll out his straw mat, arrange the pillows, and wrap himself snugly in the large eiderdown quilt. First the youngest one, whom they called "Little Rabbit" because of his thin, pointed face and his round, question-filled eyes. Then eight-year old "Sturdy Oak," taking after his paternal grandfather whose name was a legend among all the Gypsies of the land. Finally ten-year-old "Linda Flor," whose blossoming beauty and talents filled her kinsmen's hearts with pride, first-born daughter who was old-enough to suffer. Gently the mother sings and soothes each frightened child to sleep, hiding the anguish of her own soul. This was not so much a task as a nightly ritual, performed with tenderness, with unction, for her little pilgrims who have no shelter but in the love and the strength of their parents. Her eyes turned to the Icon that hung near the door. Moving about softly, she lighted a vigil light and placed it inside a ball-shaped glass, which she tied securely on a little shelf under the Icon. The light shone on a gilded panel depicting the Virgin's flight into Egypt. A handsome Virgin she was, wearing a bright skirt, and low, thin-heeled shoes in Gypsy fashion. Her delicate Byzantine face was framed in a red kerchief tied behind her head. A gold-fringed shawl was draped around the Virgin's shoulders and over the form of a babe in arms. The strained face of the Gypsy woman relaxed into a faint smile as she remembered the long hours she had sat on the donkey modelling for her brother. How many years, how many voyages, how many fortunes the Icon had shared since! She took up her own shawl—flashier than the Virgin's, to be sure, with multicolored wild flowers against a black background—and went out into the night, under the golden clusters of stars, to wait. . . .

Outside town by the road, the group of men and women milled about restlessly, waiting for the green truck, which was not long in returning. Between the two men sat Grandma Peralta, her head hidden under a black woolen shawl, sobbing. Inecita had not been found, she had never arrived at the farm that day, and there was no trace of her on the road.

At length Roque Peralta persuaded his grieving wife and mother to return to the house. The other women too began to disperse. The sheriff whispered in his wife's ear, "See Josefa home. And then go and tell Father Andres. I am beginning to worry." His hand stole under his jacket to caress the handle of the pistol. Its touch gave him confidence.

"Now we can think," he said to the men. All of them were sure the Gypsy must have a hand in this. It was evident. What else could possibly have happened to the girl? Would he attempt to return to his camp tonight? They had better watch for a while. Only the sheriff was uncertain. After all, he was that stranger's protector, and most likely the man was innocent, anyway. Didn't they think he'd have enough sense to take his family away otherwise? They had better not behave like hysterical women. He was the keeper of the law. Let him handle it.

Shortly the old station wagon appeared on the road from Santa Marta, speeding toward the town. It slowed down as it approached the group and stopped. The Gypsy stepped out to be confronted by the sheriff.

"The daughter of Don Roque, the shoemaker, has disappeared along this road. Her dress was red and white, and . . ."

The Gypsy winced and repeated, "Red and white checkered . . . ? It was enough.

"Ah! My daughter!"

"You murderer!"

"Thief!"

"Child robber!"

Pushing aside the officer of the law, twelve or thirteen men fell upon the suspect with blind fury.

Ay, ay, ayyy . . . Undebel! How will it be with you . . . ? The "Hammer of Gypsydom" was a fierce man—but the odds were great.

V

Late in the night, the old station wagon with the huge trailer in tow came to a halt before Santa Marta's public hospital. Out of the car came the Gypsy woman and the sheriff of Allauca. He walked quickly into the hospital, while the woman remained standing watch. Unseen were the wild flowers and the stripes of red, yellow, and blue. In the darkness she was a queen in mourning standing by a giant hearse. In a few minutes the sheriff reappeared followed by two hospital attendants, who helped the wounded man out of the car and into a wheelchair. At that moment the green truck arrived. Roque and his friend Juan, followed by a priest, came out and walked toward them. The Gypsy woman stood defiantly, with her back against the entrance of the trailer where her children slept, and her hands gripping the wheel chair in which her husband sat silently, with dishevelled and blood-stained clothes and head swaddled in improvised bandages.

"Take him in, my good woman," Father Andres whispered to her. "I will watch here." The woman moved at last, and the sheriff started to follow, but was stopped by Roque Peralta.

"Let them take care of themselves," he said harshly. "We must get help to search for my daughter."

"I told you to let me handle it. That fellow knows something, if you but give him a chance to talk. Let us go in," the sheriff countered, peremptorily.

The nun in charge of the emergency ward reacted with some surprise at the sight of the party.

"What has happened to you, my friend?" she asked the wounded man.

"The Samaritan fell among thieves, Reverend Mother," he answered with a forced smile. His wife stood by, while the nun's deft fingers undid the wrappings from his head.

"Let me see . . . lean back. You have a nasty cut there. But we'll have you fixed in no time."

"Thank you, Reverend Mother. But tell me, how is the child I brought to you this afternoon?"

"A little better now, though uncomfortable because of that terrible sunburn. Poor angel, she must have slept under the sun for hours. She said her name is Inesita. Have you . . . ?"

"Yes, I have found her father," the Gypsy replied, staring calmly at the stunned face of Roque Peralta, and then turning to his wife, with a whisper, "Tomorrow we'll go home, Kali—home to the road."

They Said I Could

By Nancy Cholewa

*A little girls skipped
The shiny lunch pail dangling
Her eyes danced; her ears prickled
Her ebony legs scuffed the September leaves
She touched the knob, her nails whitened
They said I could*

*The freshness of the class room
The red flowers, the white faces
She stopped, they stared
The stillness gathered their feeling
She stood there doll like begging
They said I could*

A Study of Keats

By Mary Lou Crede

*Here lies one whose name was writ in water.*¹

Strange epitaph for a man whose poems have lived throughout the years! Not long before his death Keats wrote:

*If I should die, I have left no immortal work behind me, nothing to make my friends proud of my memory, but I have loved the principle of beauty in all things, and if I had had the time, I would have made myself remembered.*²

He was not twenty-six years of age when he died, in 1821, but he had written a few perfect poems, and had exerted a permanent influence on the poetry of his language.

What a mournful tragedy his life was! His father was a hostler in a livery stable and Keats's boyhood was passed in London. His parents died when John was a boy. He was apprenticed to a surgeon, but disliking surgery he quarreled with his master just before the expiration of his term. At nineteen all his interests centered in poetry, and at twenty-one he decided to devote himself exclusively to it. Always delicate in health and nervous in temperament, everything he undertook was done at the highest tension. A long trip through the English lake region and Scotland was too arduous an undertaking and brought on the first symptoms of his fatal malady. About this time he met Fanny Brawne, the young woman with whom he fell desperately in love, whose image always haunted him, and to whom he addressed passionate letters in his absence from her. Tormenting himself with his high aspirations, passionately in love but too sincere to marry with no assured income, and facing the certainty of ill health, it is no wonder that he recognized as his death warrant the first hemorrhage from his lungs.

Keats's love of the beautiful was the inspiration of his life and of his poetry. The two years that preceded his first violent attack of illness were the period of his most finished work and what was written during that interval is thoroughly in keeping with his ideal. It is beautiful in form and in rhythm, and shows such a felicitous choice of word and figure that it charms the reader's every sense. He had the art of poetic distillation; in his group of odes above all, he comprised in a limited number of stanzas an abundance of feeling, fancy and reflection. "Ode to a Grecian Urn" and "Ode to Autumn" are good examples of this. In the former, we see Keats's imagination actively at work, perfect master of its own expression. The poem is a magnificent example of joy through resignation, for Keats had looked with ecstasy and anguish at life, at love, at art, and had learnt to submit to immutable law and to find it good. "Ode to

¹Keats, in Harison S. Morris, "Two Epitaph," *Keats-Shelley Memorial Bulletin*, No. 2

²Keats, in Charles H. Sylvester, *Journeys Through Bookland* (Chicago: Bellows-Reeve Co., 1932), p. 457.

Autumn" is a poem which appeals primarily to the senses. The charm of the poem lies in the fact that nothing comes between us and the day Keats wished us to see.

It was through Charles Cowden Clarke, his teacher, that young John Keats met Leigh Hunt who was an influence on his poetry. Hunt was full of ardour for a new way in English poetry, a revolt against the "correct" school in metre, phrase and matter. Keats caught the excitement, and his literary life opened out. Through Hunt, Keats had a new circle of interesting acquaintances: Hazlitt, Haydon, Shelley and Reynolds. In "Sleep and Poetry" Keats records with a passion and a vision his state of mind now that the highway of Parnassus appeared to be unbarred for him.

Of his longer poems "Endymion" was the first and the one that called forth the biting criticisms of his opponents. Keats realized its imperfections and criticized it as he did his other poems with an unflinching judgment. But he offered no apology, for he felt and said that he had done his best. "Hyperion," "The Eve of St. Agnes," and "Lamia" are more mature poems, and mark the height of his powers and the beginning of their decline. "The Eve of St. Agnes" is the expression of lyrical emotion presented in the form of a tale. It is a great choral hymn written to celebrate his love for Fanny Brawne. "Its effect is not single and melodic, but massed and contrapuntal, and this double effect is kept up throughout."³

Keats desired to win fame as a dramatist but his efforts in that direction were not a success. It is upon his lyrics that his fame rests, a fame that will be lasting as the language itself.

The pathetic story of his life is essential to a thorough appreciation of his art, but he has not given us in his writings much trace of the incidents in his sorrowful decline. Poetry was his very existence; he loved it and lived it.

Lowell says of Keats:

Keats had an instinct for fine words, which are in themselves pictures and ideas, and had more the power of poetic expression than any modern English poet. And by poetic expression I do not mean merely a vividness in particulars, but the right feeling which heightens or subdues a passage or a whole poem to the proper tone and gives entireness to the effect. There is a great deal more than is commonly supposed in this choice of words. Men's thoughts and opinions are in a great degree vassals of him who invents a new phrase or reapplies an old epithet. . . . We reward the discoverer of an anesthetic for the body and make him member of all the societies, but him who finds a nepenthe for the soul we elect into the academy of the immortals.⁴

And so Keats lives on today, as truly as he lived in the Romantic Age. His instinct for compactness and symmetry, coupled with his selective richness, gratify the modern mind, and place Keats among the ranks of the true poets.

³Amy Lowell, *John Keats* (Massachusetts: Riverside Press), p. 170.

⁴Lowell, in Sylvester, *op. cit.*, pp. 461-462.

Cancer Research

By Sister Gertrude Joseph

On January 5, 1956, Sister Gertrude Joseph Cook of the Biology department of Mt. St. Mary's College began a research problem, working in the Cancer Research wing of the Medical Center of U.C.L.A. The following article describes the procedure.

THE PROBLEM:

To study the effects of an antiserum against Erlich's ascites tumor cells upon these cells and upon normal mouse cells. The antiserum is to be produced in rabbits by injecting them twice—at two week intervals—with an antigen composed of macerated ascites tumor cells mixed with Bayol F. oil containing *Mycobacterium phlei*, and emulsified with Falba.

AIM:

To inhibit the growth of mouse tumor cells by means of an immune serum.

PROCEDURE

Obtain C57 and White Swiss mice. Establish in them Erlich's ascites tumor from which to prepare a specific antigen.

Obtain rabbits into which the antigen is injected for production of a "specific antiserum."

While waiting for development in rabbits establish a solid ascites tumor in the mice. Grow these cells as well as cells from ascitic fluid, *in vitro*.

Study the reaction of these cells to normal rabbit serum and to the specific antiserum.

Grow HeLa cells and cells from the peritoneal lining of a normal mouse. Compare their reaction to the above treatment.

Photograph, if results warrant.

Establish the reaction of normal mice and of tumor-bearing mice to the injections of normal rabbit serum and rabbit antiserum.

METHOD

To prepare the specific antigen remove ascitic fluid and grind up cells in homogenizer. Centrifuge and measure solid volume of macerated cells for each cc. of ascitic fluid.

Preparation of antigen:

- | | | |
|--------------------------------------|---------|----------|
| 1. Volume of macerated ascitic cells | 0.25cc. | |
| 2. Glass distilled water | 0.75cc. | Mix well |
| 3. Normal saline | 4.0cc. | |

Adjuvant Complete:

- | | | |
|------------------------------|-------------------------|-----------|
| 1. Bayol F. oil..... | 10cc. | |
| 2. Falba | Add 0.5cc. to each 1cc. | Autoclave |
| 3. Mycobacterium phlei | 10 mg. | |

Adjuvant Incomplete:

- | | | |
|-----------------------|---------|-----------|
| 1. Bayol F. oil | 5.0 cc. | |
| 2. Falba | 2.5 cc. | Autoclave |

Injections of rabbits as follows:

1. Prepare solutions:

For Injections:**For Solutions**

1.0 cc. Saline	1.5 cc.	Prepare a fixed
1.0 cc. Adjuvant Incomplete	1.5 cc.	Emulsion
2.0 cc. Antigen	3.0 cc.	Prepare a fixed
2.0 cc. Adjuvant Incomplete	3.0 cc.	Emulsion

Rabbit No.	Injected Material	cc. per site	Site
4	Isotonic Saline	1.0	2 subcut.
2	Saline and Adjuvant	1.0	2 subcut.
	Complete Mixture (50-50)		

Rabbit No.	Injected Material	cc. per site	Site
3	10% antigen (1 cc.) of adjuvant complete mixture (50-50)	1.0	2 subcut.
1	Same as #3	1.0	2 subcut.

Use deep subcutaneous injection in two sites (1 cc. in each hip or each shoulder making a total of 2 cc. for each animal). Two weeks later inject the rabbits again in the same way—but substitute *adjuvant incomplete* for *adjuvant complete*.

Establish a solid tumor in C57 and in White Swiss mice by passing ascitic fluid subcutaneously instead of intraperitoneally. After two to three weeks grow *in vitro*; 1st by mincing tissue; 2nd by treating with trypsin to separate cells. Grow in tubes until colony is established then grow in Carrell flasks and in Maximov slides. Transfer some vigorously growing cells to Gey's slide and photograph. Treat these cells with "specific antiserum" of rabbits and after 20-30 minutes record results. Check results again after 2½ to 3 hours. Repeat the above process using normal serum instead of "specific antiserum" and compare results. Photograph if cell changes are striking.

Sacrifice a normal mouse and remove aseptically the lining cells of peritoneal cavity. Remove by scraping with Bard Parker blades and place scrapings in a drop of BSS in depression of Maximov

slide. Plant these cells in tubes, on Maximov slides and in Carrel flasks. Treat with antiserum and compare results with those of tumor cells. Photograph if results warrant.

Prepare a unit group of C57 and White Swiss mice with Erlich's ascites and with specific solid tumor.

Inject $\frac{1}{3}$ of each group (i. p.) with .5 cc. of rabbit "specific antiserum" 3 times each week; $\frac{1}{3}$ with the same amount of normal rabbit serum and leave $\frac{1}{3}$ untreated.

PART OF THE WORK HAS BEEN ACCOMPLISHED

I have successfully passed Erlich's ascites tumors from the black C57 mouse to White Swiss and to A.K.R. mice, producing both solid and liquid tumors. This has been accomplished with whole fluid drawn from the peritoneal cavity of one animal and passed, i.p., into another, and by washing the cells in saline and suspending them before passage. A few times this material has been kept in the icebox overnight and injected the next day with successful results.

I have produced solid tumors in both C57 mice and in White Swiss by injecting, subcutaneously, ascites cells.

I have injected rabbits with the "specific antigen" described above, and other rabbits with "antigen" prepared from human tissue. The latter was prepared and fractionated. This I call "non-specific antiserum."

My students and I have tested small groups of mice with solid ascitic tumors to get "direction" for the main experiment.

- a) "Specific antiserum" seemed to cause tumor regression when injected 0.5 cc. i.p. 3 times weekly. Whereas "non-specific antiserum" caused animals to die sooner than untreated ones.
- b) Animals given a saline injection instead of serum died faster than those left untreated.
- c) Diluted whole serum in .5 cc. injections gave better results than 1.0 cc. injections of fractionated serum.

The above results stated are merely suggestive since the number of animals used was so small; but they have influenced the procedure of the main experiment.

PROCEDURE FOR MAIN EXPERIMENT WITH MICE

I propose to:

use about 150 to 200 mice (both C57 and White Swiss).

To treat them in UNITS of 12 or 15.

To divide each UNIT into three groups.

Group I Animals with solid tumors—no treatment.

Group II Animals with solid tumors—treated with whole normal serum.

Group III Animals with solid tumors—treated with specific antiserum.

Specific Methods

Weigh the animals before injecting subcutaneously with Erlich's ascites tumor and each week thereafter.

Delay treatment until measurable solid tumors are present. (about two weeks). Divide units into groups being careful to place in each group those animals which have;

- a) About the same weight.
- b) About the same tumor size.
- c) The same sex.

If it is possible I shall have a biopsy of the tumors and slides prepared before treatment begins.

I will use non-fractionated normal serum and "specific antiserum;" and will inject i.p. 0.5 cc. (diluted 1:3 in normal saline) three times each week.

Autopsies will be done on all animals and photographs if possible. At autopsy tumors will be dissected out and weighed separately. Slides will be made of each tumor.

Spring

By Rosemary Lucente

*Splashes of lavender, yellow and blue,
Scents of the lilac, gardenia and rose.
These are the touches of spring which renew
Love of all Nature that grows.*

"Fostered by Beauty and by Fear"

WORDSWORTH'S PRELUDE

By Florence Okihara

It was Saturday. I stretched lazily in bed and looked out the window. Another beautiful Hawaiian day. The winds blowing through the trees caused the lights and shadows to play tag on the bamboo blades. The pigeons were echoing each other's cries, "Coo, coo, croo coo." I heard daddy driving away to the ranch. Seven thirty, I must get up. A promise to be at Sumichan's house at eight o'clock is a promise. I dressed hurriedly and went down to the kitchen. A smell of sausages greeted me as I opened the door.

Mama said, "Good morning, Tae," and asked me what I was going to do today. She set a plate of eggs and sausages before me. I said good morning and told her that I was going to Sumichan's house to play yomesan. Mother smiled, I suppose wondering how two little girls could get married and she said, "And Joe King, didn't he frighten you at the stable before?" I said, "Ahh, Joe King; who's afraid of him? We could hide behind brother silo." I sat down and took a bite of sausage—but I wasn't hungry. I rose from the table and ran, before mother could call me back. I was delayed by stepping on some burrs in my path and by having to pull one out that stuck in my little toe. "Puple," I said, "why doesn't Sud take care of the yard?" Passing the hedge, I picked a hibiscus. All yomesan carry flowers when they get married.

I ran quickly and called out, "Ohaiyo, obasan," to Mrs. Takeuchi when I saw her sweeping off her front porch. "Doko iku, no?" she said. Turning my head back, I yelled, "to Sumichan's house," and ran into Ignatio who was on his way to the broom factory. He carried a big card board box under his arm. His hands and long fingernails were green from making brooms. Brushing back the wisp of hair that always bounced on his left eye, he, too, asked, "Mahea you go, ka?" I shook my head—"to Sumichan's house." Ignatio again pushed back the wisp of hair from his eyes and walked on.

I heard the whirring sound and raised my head to locate the plane, missed my balance and fell in a bed of canna plants of the Garcia's flower garden. I looked up to see Lani and Boyang laughing at me and asked me if they could come with me and where I was going. I told them far, far away and that they couldn't come. I threw them a kiss and turned toward the alley. The sharp stones hurt my feet but I continued running toward the bridge.

"Ka-u-ko-na-hu-a. Kau-kona-hua. Kaukonahua. I can say it now, Ka-u-ke-na-hu-a." Happily twisting my tongue around the word I thought, "That's the name of the stream, too. Funny, how can a stream come all the way from the mountain? I wonder why it doesn't stop some place before it reaches the ocean? One of these days I'm going to follow it to its very beginning." I hung over the railing and saw my face in the water, looking up at me. I watched the fish swimming around my head, coming in and out from my eyes and nose.

I opened my mouth and saw a fish swim into it. I tossed the hibiscus at myself in the water and it made tiny circles form around me and grow bigger and bigger until they disappeared. I watched the hibiscus sailing down the stream.

And then, I walked to the end of the bridge where the big triangles were that the soldiers brought, to block the street. I could not move them even a little. Not one bit, so I knew if the enemy landed at the beach nearby, they couldn't move them either. I walked around the big triangles toward Yamada's stone-wall along the side of the road. Oh, how beautiful all the night-blooming cereus were climbing all over the wall. The bees were flying around in the blossoms. "Tongise" was sitting among the flowers blowing soap bubbles. A big colorful bubble was coming out from the papaya stalk.

"Hi, Tongise," I called. He popped the bubble and smiled. As I looked at him, I thought of the day I gave him that name. He was catching grasshoppers and didn't pay attention to anybody. I called him by his name. He didn't answer so I shouted loudly, "Tongise, T-o-o-n-g-i-i-s-e." He smiled at me but made no answer and since then I have called him no other name.

I walked along the hibiscus hedge. The bees were buzzing music and I trapped one in a white blossom and held it to my ear. The woozy sound scared me. I threw the flower and stepped on it. The bee was dead, I knew, but I did not look.

I took a short cut through the sugar cane which was ready for fire. The tassel was already gone. I could almost taste the sweet juice that remains in the cane after the leaves are burned.

When I reached the jungle, the ohai tree was in bloom—pretty pink and white blossoms everywhere. I was just about to pick the blossoms when I heard Sumichan calling, "Hurry up. Come on, hurry up. Everything is ready for the wedding. You're going to wear this holoku and be the bride and I am going to be the groom. I have my brother's clean blue jeans on and his aloha shirt, too. He'll be gone all day.

I quickly slipped on the light-yellow holoku with the long train and I put the getas on. These wooden slippers click like castanets. And Sumichan said that the jeans are long enough to hide her feet so she didn't need shoes. And she said that her brother, Yoshio, would be the priest. She had cut holes in the white flour sack for his arms and that would be the surplice. She told him what to say when he married us.

We went in to the corner of the garden where the pretty white and yellow gingers and crown flower bushes were because it looked like a church decorated for a wedding. I carried a white ginger lei instead of a bouquet and as I stood with my groom, the priest said, "We are gathered here together to, ah, to put this man and this woman for a, ahh, a married life. Do you Sumichan take her for your lovely wife?" ("Loving," Sumichan said.) And he said, "I do." And then the priest said again, "Do you Taechan take this man for your lov—loving husband?" I said, "I do," and Sumichan put the ring made out of five koa seeds, on my finger. And Yoshio thought he

was finished and forgot to say, "I now pronounce you man and wife." But any way, we went to the left end of the garden where the table was set under the guava tree. After we had drunk the punch of red hibiscus petals and water, we were ready for our honeymoon, like the Americans—far, far away. The holoku train was so long that my husband had to help carry it. We walked arm-in-arm to the stable to get our horse, Blaze.

We let go our arms, walked into the stable pretending we owned it. "Here Blaze," I called loudly. His long nose is always wet and his mane is thick. His red coat glistened as he trotted towards us. He thought that we had food for him. My husband told me to get on the horse first and he put out his hands gallant-like to help me up. But my shoe was too big for his hand and he said, "My wife, your shoes are too big," and I said I knew it all the time that they were too big for me. He stepped on the manger and lifted himself behind me. We turned Blaze toward the far end of the pasture and when I tried to use my getas as spurs, one of them fell off so my husband slapped the horse's side. Blaze started to trot and we imagined we were in a boat on the Pacific Ocean for a trip to America.

I had no bouquet to throw so I put my lei around Blaze's neck. The coolness of the ginger lei frightened him and he reared. I held on tightly to his mane and my husband put his arms around my waist. Blaze wasn't used to having two people on his back so he reared again. Just then my hands slid through Blaze's mane. This gave him a chance to throw us. He reared again. This time, we slid straight from his back, down over his tail, and on to the dusty ground. He galloped away. There we sat, tangled up in my train. We untangled ourselves and sheepishly walked toward the fence.

We passed the silo that we called our little brother because we saw it being built a few years back. It was beautiful and shiny then. But now, the black dirty surface was covered with pictures of girls with upturned noses, formula, G-M-L, "Dodo is pupule" two hearts with C loves G—poor brother silo—we left him then, and climbed on the stable roof and walked across to the other side. But, Sumichan grabbed my arm and pointed to a car just driving in. We watched, holding our breath because we knew Joe King, the supervisor of the stable, would get out of that car. We knew that he was mean and had only one eye. He carried a whip and a gun, too. He saw us. He boomed, how did you get on that roof? We gripped each others hands tightly but we couldn't run—we felt like statues. He was carrying something in his hand which we thought was a gun. We had to get away. We went to the spot where we had jumped off many times before. The horses neighed loudly and galloped away. We landed in the soft and gushy mud. On all fours we managed to get through three fences looking back every little while to see if Joe King was following. We crossed the ditch filled with water and hid deep in the cane field. We knew he could not see us but we could hear him calling us. Our hearts were thumping like horses stampeding. We knew that Joe King locked up anybody he caught in the warehouse. We knew, too, that he kept his collection of glass eyes there. We held each others

hands and stood quietly and waited until we heard him drive away. Then we ran through the ditches to Sumichan's house.

Cavorting Cab

By Loretta Casey

"Whoa, Chris, boy," Uncle Pete pleaded, jerked along by a small boy tugging at his arm, "you've got me pantin'wors'n the Super Duper Chief heavin' across the Rockies." Stopping to let the breath return to his rotund figure, he continued, laughingly, "Pinta's used to waitin'. Spends most of the time setting on sidings for other trains to pass, so I s'pose he'll set a little longer for you."

Shoving his pudgy hands into his jeans, his licorice-black crew-cut prickling above his skull, Christopher glared at his uncle.

"Pinta's a beautiful train . . . faster'n any on the line, even the Super Duper."

Pinta's red coat seemed to glitter like rubies and his whole frame straightened with pride. The golden letters that painted his name on the side almost expanded. But the roar of laughter that exploded from Uncle Pete drooped Pinta's screws again, reminding him again of his aching hinges. Black Thief Canyon was one stop on his run that could always douse Pinta's spurts of joyous smoke.

Hitching up his dusty blue over-alls, Uncle Pete clapped Christopher on the back and strode off with a sharp reminder that he stay in Pinta's cab till he came. "I've got to check with the conductor before I start this run," he reminded.

Christopher waited until his uncle was out of sight. Then, he moved slowly towards the train, savoring its appearance like the chocolate frosting he always saved till last.

The miniature door gleamed invitingly. Christopher grabbed the brass rail on the side and popped himself up into the cab. Pinta strutted as he felt Christopher's reverent palms smoothing his shiny instruments.

"I love you, Pinta. So trim and pretty. I'll bet you could run faster'n any other train, if they'd let you."

Pinta's motors raced with excitement. Maybe this boy would help him with his life's dream. Maybe he'd race him.

But no, it would frighten him, if I spoke . . . or he'd think it was a joke. His uncle, maybe, playing a trick on him. Engines can't talk . . . or feel. That's what he'd say.

Christopher bent down over the levers. His boxy frame blended with the small train till he seemed as essential to Pinta's operation as the motor or the spark plugs. Streams of kinship flowed through the slimy metal into his plump flesh.

"We could do it, Pinta . . . I know we could," he whispered, "We could race right off this earth, if you wanted."

"Let's do it," Pinta burst out.

Christopher's hand shocked still. His eyes grew frightened and busy, changing swiftly to amazed understanding.

"Could we?" he murmured, dubiously, "I don't know anything about running an engine."

"I do," Pinta tossed off, debonairly, "Been watching your Uncle Pete switching those switches till I could run myself if I could only get back there. It's real simple. Just flick that little doohicky there . . . no, no, boy, not that one . . . there, yes that's right . . ."

"Pinta . . ."

"Now, Chris, don't fuss. I've been running this line for ten years now, and every time we pull into Black Thief Canyon that durned Super Duper Chief passes me up. It's not going to happen today."

Pinta's headlights gleamed; power flowed through his fuel lines; frenzy glowed his fiery coat. "No, Chris," he continued, "they won't call me half-pint no more. I've watched that spic and span excuse for an engine pass me too often. My bones begin to creak and ache when I reach Black Thief Canyon these days. Frustrated, that's what I am . . . jammed with complexes . . . and all caused by that Super Duper."

"Do trains feel like that, too? My Mom and Dad don't realize I'm grown up now. I'll be seven in November?"

"When I was seven, I had a regular run and was supporting my folks . . . a couple of retired cabooses."

Cautiously, Christopher switched the knob Pinta had indicated before. Turning to Pinta his eyes signalled for further instruction.

"Just throw that other one over there. . . the one sticking out in the corner . . . and then you let 'er go and we skim across the countryside, wheels flying and metal rattling . . . only, you gotta steer that rod over there, boy. You think you can do it?"

"Sure," Christopher responded, confidently, "I've been steering my tricycle for two years now. And sometimes Dad lets me steer the car . . . when it's not moving."

Pinta's headlight blinked. Then, with a shake of his brass, he dismissed all misgivings and primed himself for the take-off.

"Let 'er go, boy."

Metal clanked. Levers swooshed. The gears ground ominously, growled, grunted, and then with a roaring whirr leaped forward.

Christopher clutched the steering wheel desperately. Pinta sprinted, all wheels flying towards the end of the streaming rails that grew smaller and smaller as the speed increased its momentum. Pinta's red coat dissolved into a foam of vermillion clouds streaking faster than the morning sun.

"Chris! Chris! Open the door, Chris! Open the door!" shouted Uncle Pete's angry voice. Pinta's only response was a swift surge of speed that sent the yelling group banging against the wall.

Mile after mile Pinta lapped up the track. The men's voices grew hoarse with shouting. Still, he zoomed. Closer and closer he came to Super Duper. Sensing an unusual change of plans, Super Duper thrust his engines faster. But Pinta, wild with new freedom,

grasped the track between his wheels and roared past. The station lay just a few miles ahead. Pinta's wheels began to lag. The cylinders tired. But the sound of the Super Duper soaring behind restored Pinta and in a last wild sprint he sprang into the station.

Jerking to a rocky, banging stop, Pinta parked victoriously in the station. But the sudden halt sent Christopher flying against a wall. He sank into a rag-doll heap.

Conscience-stricken, Pinta reflected on what he had done. Here was Christopher, his one friend . . . he'd punished for helping him. It was wrong for him to have helped a little train beat the Super Duper. And now he was hurt, too . . . by Pinto's own jerky stop. A tear flowed from Pinta's tank.

Arguing, excited voices interrupted his conscience. Uncle Pete and the other workmen were swarming in the side door.

"And I thought the little rascal'd been playing a trick," Uncle Pete mourned, as he saw Chris lying in the corner, "he's been hurt."

"Probably hit the lever when he fell," one of the men agreed.

Propping Christopher in the corner, they examined his forehead.

Anxiously, Pinta craned his neck to see Christopher . . . but the cluster around him blocked Pinta's view.

"Uncle Pete . . . Pinta . . ." Christopher murmured, as he awakened, "It's . . ."

"Now, don't you worry, boy. Pinta ran away with you, that's all. You'll be all right in just a minute."

Christopher's eyes sparked indignantly. "Pinta didn't run away with me. I helped him . . . helped him beat that cow-hearted Super Duper."

"You what?" roared Uncle Pete.

"I had to," Chris pleaded, "Pinta wanted it so bad . . . and he did it, Uncle Pete, he did it."

Anger hovered on Uncle Pete's face. Then, one of the men broke the silence with a laugh. "Didn't think Pinta had it in him," he roared.

"Neither did I," Uncle Pete chuckled. "All right, boy, you're forgiven this time . . . but don't try that trick again. It's dangerous . . . whether . . . ha, ha . . . Pinta's helping you or not."

"C'mon, boy," one of the others urged, "We'd better be getting off the train. We gotta check in with the station master."

Christopher's eyes swerved happily back to Pinta, as the men helped him off the train. Pinta responded with a roguish wink of his beams. Christopher grinned happily. Pinta would never need to worry about complexes after beating the Super Duper . . . and he'd be Pinta's friend till he grew too old to talk to trains.

The Anglo-Saxon Period in English Literature

By Sister Mary Kenneth

The Anglo-Saxon era in English history was one of development, civilizing, and "growing-up." It was a time of transition from paganism to Christianity. This is mirrored in the literature of the period, particularly in "Beowulf," the only complete epic poem which has come down to us intact.

"Beowulf" is a tale of the exploits of a popular Geatish hero. It is a mixture of pagan ideas and customs cloaked over with a thin layer of Christianity. After long narrations of myth and superstition, little bits of Christian preaching are spliced into the poem. For example, the Christian element is brought into the description of the monster, Grendel, when his wickedness is attributed to the curse of his ancestor, Cain. Also, when Grendel was expected to attack, the warriors nevertheless slept confidently, for they knew "no evil demon could drag them down to shades under ground if God were not willing."

Emphasis is placed on the physical accomplishments of heroes, rather than on their mental or moral prowess. Beowulf is considered a great leader primarily because of his swimming excellence and the superior strength in his grip. He was good enough in a natural way, but there is little reference to any attempts to win the greatest battles of all—those in his own soul. God and supernatural virtue are neglected. The "here and now" in a material sense occupies the attention of all.

Another characteristic that suggests that "Beowulf" emerged from a half-pagan civilization is the lack of delicacy and refinement in the descriptions of the battles with the monsters. These scenes are over-described and are revolting.

*The demon delayed not, but quickly clutched
A sleeping man in his swift assaults,*

*Tore him in pieces, bit through the bones,
Gulped the blood, and gobbled the flesh,*

*Greedily gorged on the lifeless corpse,
The hands and the feet.*

This is apparently the type of excitement the public appreciated for it is the essence of the poem. Without the gore, the poem would collapse—the plot has no other distinctive characteristic.

The language used is simple and direct and is the chief asset of the work. This, as well as the blunt descriptions have a direct connection with the youth of the nation which this poem represents. A child is simple, sincere, and frank without restraint or duplicity. This describes perfectly "Beowulf." The simple descriptions used are called "kennings." There are many of these sprinkled throughout the poem. The ocean is described as "the whale-road, the swan-road,

the gannet's bath, the unknown deep, the lonely, trackless sea." A sword is a "battle-flasher;" a harp—"the gleewood," a boat—"a fresh-tarred floater;" and sleep—"cheek pressed pillow."

"Beowulf" is an interesting poem, but it fails to give its reader much personal contribution other than an appreciation of the mentality of the period. It is suggestive of the old Latin literature, particularly of pagan heroes.

NEW ALTAR-BOY

By Mary Carol Jacobs

*Forgive Me, As you watch the candle
Hesitate to wink,
And placid cruets
Growing anxious in your hands,
If I remember—*

*Your car-greased butch
Like prickly grass
New cut.
The geyser of your humor bubbling;
The brown dreams of your eyes
So capable
They make nine plus sixteen
Equal seven.
And football spirals
Arch the amphitheatres
Of Greece.
Your poetry
So heaven's grace will rhyme
Likening rain to silver ovens.
The way your
Spilling thoughts, change girls
To girls.
Your strange desire for the pure
And clean;
And wells of possibility.*

*And as you lumber up the steps
Forgive me
If I smile
To see the consecrated gloom
Caused by the lights
You've not turned on,
And you,
Dear clumsy colt,
Become a small green prayer.*

The Strange World of Amy McFarland

By Mary Ann Twersky

Once upon a time (for how else would a fairy story start) lived a little girl, all pink and white skin and golden curls, named Amy McFarland. Nobody ever called her Amy—except her mother when she was mad and her father when he was very mad. The rest of the time she called her sweetheart and he called her precious and the neighbors called her darling.

Amy lived in a very ordinary town. It had three churches, two with very high steeples, a firehouse with a red fire engine that had only been used twice, and a Main Street with lights and windows full of toys and candies.

The houses were all alike. Sometimes the trims were different colors but they were all white stucco and looked for all the world like pale stamps stuck right in the middle of green envelopes.

Even the people were the same. The fathers were all big and the mothers were all medium-sized and the children were all small. The fathers went to work every morning and came home every afternoon. Saturdays and Sundays they played golf or watched the baseball games on the television sets or just loafed.

While the fathers worked the mothers took care of the house, and gossip, mostly, when they were playing bridge and one of the players didn't come.

The little girls played with dolls and the little boys played cowboys and Indians. Every day they would fight for a while and then start to play again. Amy never played with them.

She didn't like dolls and she didn't like cowboys and Indians. Why should she play with dolls? She didn't need dolls or other little girls to play with, she had Belinda.

She had first met Belinda when mother bought her the story-book last Christmas. Every Christmas her mother and father would say "Whatever can we get Amy? She doesn't like dolls or games or bicycles." So last Christmas they had bought her three dresses with puffed sleeves and bows, a small piano to stand in the corner of her room and play songs on, with one finger, and six story-books.

Amy tried on her new dresses and hung them in a row in her closet. Then she played "Jingle Bells" on the piano twice but it didn't sound like a real piano so she stopped. Last of all she looked at the books. One of them said on the front cover "The Story of Belinda, the Good Fairy." There was a picture of a girl about Amy's size all dressed in green. She even had green shoes with a cluster of silver bells on each toe.

Amy plopped herself down in the middle of the floor and started to read about Belinda. Belinda even sounded a lot like Amy—she didn't play with other children either, and she didn't like dolls or games. Amy squeezed the book shut and whispered, "I think I'd like to play with Belinda."

And she did like to play with Belinda. They talked and drew pictures and played the piano. Belinda was certainly the most satisfactory playmate Amy had ever had.

Or at least she was until one day Amy's mother demanded, "Why were you talking to yourself in the nursery?" Now Amy's mother had read all the important books on how to bring up your child and she knew that children should not talk to themselves.

"Oh," said Amy, "I wasn't talking to myself, I was talking to Belinda."

"Who is Belinda?"

"The fairy in that book you gave me. She comes to visit me every time I read the book."

Now Amy's mother knew that for her little girl to believe in fairies was even worse than for her to talk to herself. So she insisted that Belinda could not possibly visit Amy since Belinda didn't even exist. This was the silliest thing Amy had ever heard. Of course Belinda came to visit her, and she should certainly know.

Amy didn't really want to upset her mother because then she wouldn't get any dessert, so she described Belinda even down to the little silver bells on the toes of her green felt shoes.

When father came home mother ran to him and told him the whole story. As usual he repeated what his wife said. "Belinda doesn't exist. Belinda doesn't exist." But then he had something else to talk about. He had gotten a five dollar a week raise and this was such an important event that the debate over the reality of Belinda was soon forgotten.

So for the next few months everything went along smoothly. Belinda came every day as soon as Amy squeezed the book. They talked and played and had the gayest times together. Amy's mother and father seemed to have forgotten the whole thing. Until the day they were getting ready to go to grandma's for a week. Amy took the dresses and shoes and petticoats out of the closet for her mother to pack. Then she took her play wristwatch and her bracelets and her little bottle of perfume and her book about Belinda.

Her mother packed the clothes and the jewelry but she laid the book aside. "Your grandmother has all sorts of things for you to play with. You don't need to take this book."

"But I have to take the book mother, if I don't I won't be able to see Belinda for a whole week."

"Belinda! Belinda! Belinda doesn't even exist."

That night when father came home mother was waiting for him with the story. Unfortunately he had not just gotten a new five dollar a week raise and there was nothing to distract him from the problem of the Belinda who didn't exist.

"Amy" (remember he only called her Amy when he was angry) "Amy, this foolishness has gone on far too long. You're old enough to know that there's no such thing as a fairy. Since you insist on being so stubborn I'm going to take the book away from you and burn it."

Amy cried and looked sad but her father was angry because he

hadn't gotten another raise and he refused to be melted by her tears. "It won't do you a bit of good to cry, I'm going to burn the book."

Then Amy stopped crying and wiped her eyes. She cuddled up against her father and murmured, "I'm sorry I made you mad, Daddy."

"I'm sorry Amy, the book will still have to be taken away."

But fathers can never resist daughters for long, and soon he had promised Amy that she might read the book just one more time. She took "Belinda, the Good Fairy" and ran into the nursery, shutting the door.

Mother and father finished the packing and waited for Amy; they waited and waited. Finally they became very impatient. They strode over to the nursery door and opened it.

The room was empty. "Belinda, the Good Fairy" lay on the floor and next to it rested a cluster of tiny silver bells. (For how else would a fairy story end?)

MARY'S HOUR

By Pamela Brink

*Demanding light pierces the shadows.
Starched crispness, soaked by hospital silence
Hurries down a haunted corridor.
The urgent call
Signals nurse.*

*Filtered moonlight touches the lonely bed.
A shrunken figure enclosed.
Skin of crushed parchment.
Colorless hair moistly matted and clinging
A jailed island.*

*Competent fingers ease discomfort.
Gently, questioning.
Someone's mother
Slowly, painfully slipping away.*

*Labour coarsened hands
Reach for cool fingers.
Sunken lips move in deep silence
A rusty voice cracked with disuse
Joins the stillness.*

Nurse—my rosary!

The Day The Soldiers Came

By Pamela Brink

Honorable Mention in Atlantic Monthly Contest

We had been living in our hide-away house for a long time. Mother said it was because the Japs were in Manila and might come to our island. It was really our mountain home. We always went there when school was out. It was so far away from the city that no other Americans lived there.

I did not mind, because I didn't have to go to school, and I got to sleep in a bunk bed. I liked it too, because Mary, my nurse, did the cooking and didn't look after me too much.

Mother woke me up from my nap and told me that the Japs were coming again. I felt funny all over, like I was going to be sick. I called Mary, but she didn't come so I dressed myself. I am eight years old and I can get dressed very well, but I can't reach the buttons in the back. And Mother always laughs when I tie my bows in the front.

Patsy Ann always sleeps with me. She is afraid of the dark, so I like to keep her with me. Mother made her some pajamas to look just like mine. I like it when we dress alike. Mother and I never do.

She was still on the bed, but I wanted her to see everything too. I got her for my birthday and Mother said she was the same size as a real baby. I was afraid she might get lonesome without me, I love her very much.

When I went into the front room, the soldiers were already there. Mother was talking to one of them. He didn't know how to talk American very well. Everybody was standing together and watching.

Nobody noticed when I came in. I tugged at Mary's skirt. She shook her head at me and put her finger on her mouth like she does when I've been naughty. But she held my hand so it was all right. Her hand is hard and prickly, not like Mother's, but nice anyway.

Mother stopped talking to the soldier and said something to Mary very fast.

Mary took me into the bedroom and put some more dresses on me. When I asked her why, she told me to be a good little girl, be quiet, and stay out of the way. She said she and Mother had lots of things to do.

It felt funny walking with all the clothes on. I went to the window so I could watch the soldiers. I crooked Patsy Ann's legs so she could sit down on the ledge and look too. Everyone was acting like my chicken when I chase it around the yard.

Everyone was getting ready for going away. I wondered if I should help, but Mary told me to stay out of the way. I wished I had a suitcase for Patsy Ann's clothes.

I bought Patsy Ann some new clothes before. They were the same clothes as the Filipino babies wore. Mary had been teaching

me to iron them. She said I must keep Patsy Ann's clothes clean and neat. It is fun to iron with Mary.

Sometimes I make believe Patsy Ann is sick. Then I play that I am a nurse and take care of her. That is fun too. 'Specially when it's too wet to play outside.

Mother was making me some new dresses. They were on the sewing machine in the corner. I did not think she would take them.

In the part we added to our house last year was the bed Mother and Dad slept in. Sometimes when it was cold in the morning, I could come and warm up with them. Mother always scolded because I didn't put any slippers on. But when I run fast I don't feel the part where the rugs aren't. Since Dad went away there is too much room. It's not snuggly any more. There are bags and things on the bed now.

I hugged my doll hard. My eyes were prickling and my throat started to ache. I shut my eyes tight so I wouldn't cry.

Everything was different. The last time the soldiers were angry. We were having tea when we heard the trucks. We had tea every afternoon. I always had tea too. It tasted different from Mother's. She always put sugar and cream in mine. I felt grown up when I had tea. Mary always made something sticky and sweet, or some rice cakes. Sometimes we had company and Mary would dress me all up.

We sat in a big circle. We always used Mother's rattan chairs when we had company. Mary would put the tray on a little table, then Mother would pour all around. Most of the time they talked about the war. I didn't know what they were talking about so I just listened and pretended I did.

We were still drinking our tea when the soldiers came. I never saw soldiers like that before. They were little and brown, and had a flat nose like Mary. But their hats were squashy and they had cloth around their legs. They did not look neat and clean at all.

We watched them come up the hill. All the soldiers had cowboy legs.

Dad went outside to see what they wanted. He looked big and brave talking to the soldiers.

They made us stand in front of the house with our hands up. It was like playing cops and robbers, but now it wasn't fun.

The soldiers had bayonettes on their guns and pointed them at us. Dad had told me never to point a gun at anyone. One of the soldiers slapped Mary and made her cry. It made me mad because she didn't do anything. I wanted to go to her and make her feel better, but I couldn't. I just felt.

They wouldn't let us sit down for a long, long time. Then they did. Mary wasn't crying anymore, but I sat with her anyway. I asked Mary where Dad was. She told me to hush and not make any noise. I wanted to go to Mother, but Mary said I wasn't to move. Besides, she said Mother was praying. I was learning the "Our Father" now and I wondered if she was saying that. I watched her lips move. I

said "Now I lay me down to sleep" to myself, but it didn't sound right, so I stopped.

The soldiers were not very nice. They were opening all our canned goods with their bayonettes. Mother had said that was our food supply. They would cut a can open and taste the insides. Then they would throw the can away. There were cans all over the yard. It didn't look like they were going to leave any for us. My mouth started watering. I could taste the peaches and cherries lying on the ground.

They had thrown away all the carrots too. Mary told me that if I ate carrots my hair would be red and curly like Dad's. I guessed it will always be yellow and stringy, now.

I wondered if we would eat what the Filipinos did. I like fried rice 'specially. It feels good on my tongue.

It was a thirsty day. One of the soldiers had cut down a new coconut. He cut the top off and started drinking the juice. He swallowed like a duck. Some of the juice got on his chin. My tongue felt big in my mouth.

Some one yelled in the house. He sounded like he was saying, peestol, peestol. Maybe they had found Dad's big old gun. It didn't shoot anymore. Mother used it to chase robbers away. I hoped they didn't find my cap pistol.

There were lots of other noises too. It sounded like they were chopping the house down. I thought they were beating Dad. I could tell Mother thought so too. She was watching the house and she looked scared.

Dad finally came out of the house. He talked to Mother in grown up whispers. Dad kissed Mother, then he went away with the soldiers. I asked Mary why he was going away, but she told me to hush.

We went back into the house. Everything was messy. All the closets in the big room were open and the clothes were hanging out. All my school books were lying on the floor like when I'd get mad and throw them. The chairs made caves all over the room.

The soldiers couldn't move the big table though. We tried to move it once, when Mother said it was in the way. But even Dad couldn't lift it.

Mother looked to see if the soldiers had taken anything. She said they had taken one of my old shirts. I wondered how she could tell.

I asked Mother why Dad had gone away with the soldiers. She was crying. She said the soldiers had taken him away. She said the soldiers had found all the other Americans who were hiding away too. I asked her where all my friends were, and could I see them now. She said Dad had gone down to the city to see them. It sounded so queer. Where were my friends? Why could Dad see them and I couldn't? Mother said Dad would come back soon and tell us.

Dad never came back.

This afternoon the soldiers had come to take us away. Mother didn't tell me they were going to do that. I thought we would stay in the mountains till all the Japanese went away again.

Nobody told me where we were going. I wondered if we were

going back to our house. Would the soldiers let me ride my bicycle? Would they let me roller skate in the empty fountain?

The soldiers didn't seem to be doing anything. They were just lying on the grass. One of them was standing in the door. He had a big sword that came down to his boots. I wondered if he ever stabbed any one with it. He didn't look like a very nice man. It made me feel creepy. He kept yelling at everybody. I didn't know what he was saying.

Mary said it was time to go, and would I kiss her good bye. Wasn't Mary coming too? I didn't understand why they were taking us and not Mary. She was part of the family. Mary was my nurse. She always was. Even when Mother would tell her to go away, she always came back. She had to, because I wouldn't let any body else take care of me. Who would help me get dressed, and give me a bath? Who would tuck me in at night before Mother came in to hear my prayers? Who would tell me about fairies?

I couldn't go away and leave my Mary. I held on tight and cried and cried. She made me let go. She was talking, but I didn't want to hear. She didn't love me any more!

I was put in the back seat of the car. Mother didn't pay any attention to me. She was up in front talking to the chauffeur. I pretended there was nobody in the car, just me and Patsy Ann.

It got dark. Big dark things waved. They leaned into the car as if to take me out of it. I scrunched down and shut my eyes hard. It was awfully hot.

We went slowly. The car stopped a lot of times. A face would look in the window. It looked like a picture of a goblin in the book Dad used to read to me every night. Sometimes the goblin would reach in and feel my hair, but Mother raised the window so he couldn't.

Everything was dark when we got to the city. It didn't look the same. There weren't very many buildings. Some places just had stairs. One place looked just like my doll house when I took the front off.

We had watched airplanes go by many times. Dad said they were bombing the city. I wondered if this was what bombing was.

There was nobody in the streets. I couldn't see any lights at all. Mother said it was because of the blackout. I knew what that was. We always closed the curtains at night. That was so no one could see our house. I asked Mother why we had blackout after the soldiers found us the first time. She said it was because the airplanes didn't know we'd been found and they might bomb us.

Big walls were in the streets. Every time we would try to go around a wall, we stopped. A soldier would come out of a little house, point his gun at us, shout and wave his hands. The crying came out even when I shut my eyes hard. It was like a bad dream and I couldn't wake up. I wanted to crawl in the front seat with Mother, but I couldn't move.

We finally stopped in front of a big building with bars on the windows. I knew it was the jail house because we used to go by it,

before we went away to hide. I used to wonder what it was like, because the windows were not for seeing out of. My friends told me they killed people in there.

I didn't want to die. I wanted to go home.

I started crying out loud. Mother turned around then. She said not to be afraid, that we were going to see Dad now. She held my hand then, and we went into the building.

The hall looks dark and scary. I can see a light down at the end. I'm not scared now, though, like I was before. Mother's hand feels soft and warm. My face is still sticky from crying. I'm tired and I want to go to bed. It was a long time ago when Mother woke me up from my nap.

TREES

By Danuta Krotoska

\$100 prize winner in Cabrini Literary Guild contest.

*I remember the willow
The weeping willow by the Loddon
Its limp loose strands
Melt into rippling gurgles of shaded water
Brief golden rays scatter the shaded coolness of tear-shaped leaves
Light strands seek the airy breeze
A cloak envelopes the life-giving stem*

*I remember the poplar
The poplar tree by the gravelled roadside
Its long straight mast reaches for purer air above
Slim and supple branches rustle in the joyful breeze
Arms stretch upward in glee, catch the laughing leaves
Scattered patches of silver and green chase sunlight beams
The curve of a candle flame bends in the wind*

*I remember the majestic oak
The king of trees in a field
Gnarled and battered trunk enclosed in the earth
Boughs and strength and hardness adamant to the wind
Stately coverage of brown and green
Reflects glossy lights of the filtering sun
A ram steadfast in its watchfulness*

*I remember a rootless tree
Whose members glory in a thorn-crowned Head
Binding visibly each to each
Rays of life weave in the darkness
Outstretched arms engulf the world
Yielding fruits forever fresh
Redeeming cross on a sorrowful hill*

THE WORD

By Mary Alice Salter

My name is Word.

*I move all men
to sorrow, hatred,
hope and joy—
to love.*

*I move to sorrow
with a black-edged card.*

*(Violets rain falls on an ant black line of
cars creeping through winter gloom.
Scent of lilies and incense cling
and mingle with the Dies Irae.)*

*I move to hatred
with stunted newsprint.*

*(Blizzard snow impels an orange mob.
It whirls and whips them while they curse.
Fires parch moist membranes; a
Jazz selection tears the background.)*

*I move to hope
with flowered letters.*

*(Spring warms the frozen meadow in her palm;
The tiny scent of budding leaves and
Pinks half opened quiver
With a lifting, breathing tune.)*

*I move to joy
with cherished books.*

*(Yellow summer polkas on the lawn,
And spare-ribs, buns, and rosebuds
Hail the nose. A noon-day fiddle
Learns a hopscotch time.)*

I move to love.

*And my fulfillment's all in this.
For one white day, a simple village maid
Bowed to an angel's message.
Time's greatest Poem was conceived.*

*"And the Word was made Flesh,
And dwelt among us."*

Dramatic Monologue

("Backseat Driver")

By Rosemary Lucente

Henry, watch out for that car! Honestly, your driving gets worse every year. 20 years and you still don't know when to stop for a red light.

Slow down, you're going so fast, you won't be able to stop. Look out for that car! Well, he looked like he was on top of us anyway. That signal's yellow up there. You'd better slow down now. I don't know what's gotten into you, you're going so fast.

Look out! That car's turning into us. Anyway, he looked like he was.

Slow down, there's a man crossing the street up there.

I think we'd make better time in the middle lane, this one's so slow with everyone turning.

I can't understand why you're not being more careful today. You're just trying to aggravate me.

Henry! Slow down, slow down. There's a policeman following us. Oh dear! I told you, you're going too fast.

Officer, I tried to tell him he was going too fast. He just wouldn't listen to me. Why, he must have been going 50 in that 25 mile zone. I tried to tell him, but he just wouldn't listen.

Well, Henry, how'd I know he just wanted to tell us the door was ajar. You were going too fast anyway!

THE ANGRY SEA

*The waves
Grow high until
They crash on sand. The sea
In torment shows the angry face
Of man.*

*In storm
The center stays
As calm as drifting cloud
A place of refuge ships at sea
Will seek.*

*If men
Might learn to keep
A calm. And live more like
The sea. His life would be at peace
And free.*

